

J. L. MILLER & COMPANY

The Leading Real Estate Agents of Yuma, Colorado

We have nice smooth land, unimproved, at \$5.00 to \$10.00 per acre, also a few improved farms for \$10.00 per acre.

Relinquishments from \$50.00 up, according to improvements and location. We can locate you on a government homestead for \$25.00.

This is all good choice land and will grow all kinds of crops such as corn, oats, both spring and winter wheat, rye, barley, millet, cane, alfalfa, in fact all kinds of crops that are raised in any of the middle western states.

If you are looking for a home it will pay you to see us or write us at Yuma, Colorado.

J. L. MILLER & COMPANY.

MAKE YOUR OWN STOCK FOODS BY USING THE SKIDOO HORSE AND CATTLE TABLETS

Crush and mix in feed or salt. Proper dose in tablets

MAKES YOUR STOCK LOOK LIKE THE TOP PRICE

Contain no Sawdust, Ashes, Chop Feed or Bran. Ask for and try once—SKIDOO Condition Tablets, Worm, Kidney, Chicken Cholera, Blister, Heave, Fever, Hog Cholera tablets, Louse Powder, Spavin Cure, Barb Wire Liniment, Pink Eye, Distemper, Colic or Bone Stiffener Tablets.

ABOUT ADVERTISING—NO. 3

How to Write Retail Advertising Copy

By Herbert Kaufman.

A skilled layer of mosaics works with small fragments of stone—they fit into more places than the larger chunks.

The skilled advertiser works with small words—they fit into more minds than big phrases.

The simpler the language the greater certainty that it will be understood by the least intelligent reader.

The construction engineer plans his road-bed where there is a minimum of grade—he works along the lines of least resistance.

The advertisement which runs into mountainous style is badly surveyed—all minds are not built for high level thinking.

Advertising must be simple. When it is tricked out with the jewelry and silks of literary expression it looks as much out of place as a ball dress at the breakfast table.

The buying public is only interested in facts. People read advertisements to find out what you have to sell.

The advertiser who can fire the most facts in the shortest time gets the most returns. Blank cartridges make noise but they do not hit—blank talk, however clever, is only wasted space.

You force your salesmen to keep to solid facts—you don't allow them to sell muslin with quotations from Omar or trousers with excerpts from Marie Corelli. You must not tolerate in your printed selling talk anything that you are not willing to countenance in personal salesmanship.

Cut out clever phrases if they are inserted to the sacrifice of clear explanations—write copy as you talk. Only be more brief. Publicity is costlier than conversation—ranging in price downward from \$6.00 a line, talk is not cheap but the most expensive commodity in the world.

Sketch in your ad to the stenographer. Then you will be so busy "saying it" that you will not have time to bother about the gewgaws of writing. Afterwards take the typewritten manuscript and cut out every word and every line that can be erased without omitting an important detail. What remains in the end is all that really counted in the beginning.

Cultivate brevity and simplicity. "Savon Fraacais" may look smarter, but more people will understand "French Soap." Sir Isaac Newton's explanation of gravitation covers six pages, but the schoolboy's terse and homely "What goes up must come down" clinches the whole thing in six words.

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THE CARNAGE OF WAR

Story of a Survivor of the Battle of Gravelotte.

INTO THE JAWS OF DEATH.

An Advance Under Fire From Behind Barricades That Literally Mowed Down the Charging Troops—A Hand to Hand Conflict in the Streets.

William Guldner, a survivor of the battle of Gravelotte, the most hard fought victory of the Franco-Prussian war, tells in Harper's Magazine how he saw the victory as color bearer of his regiment:

"It must have been, I think, about 4 o'clock when Colonel von Boehn rode to the head of the regiment and we all straightened quick, as on parade. And he said sharp a few words, something like, 'Men, the regiment has a good name, and you will give it a still better one.' I was in front and could hear part of what he said.

"The colonel led us to the left, and we crossed a railroad track and went through another little white village, and then we faced a slope—a long slope—with a village on it, which the French had made into a fort, and we, our regiment and others, were to capture it, and there were many Frenchmen and cannon there.

"The colonel rode on a horse, he and the majors and the adjutants. Our captains usually rode, too, but this day the captains sent their horses back and went on foot.

"And soon our first men began to fall, for we came under the fire of the chasseur. It was hard, for we could not see the enemy. These first ones were many sharpshooters in a ditch, and the noise of their firing was like that of a coffee mill—kr-r-r-r-r! They drew off as we went forward. It was only at a walk that we went—a steady walk, just as if there were no bullets there.

"And now we would run forward fifty yards and throw ourselves flat, then another fifty yards and the halt and the falling flat, and each time we could see the village that was a fortress nearer.

"And once when we were lying down and I saw that the officers were standing, just cool and quiet, it came to me that a man has to pay in such ways to be an officer.

"I saw the colonel fall. He was shot from his horse and carried back.

"The first major, he took command, and he galloped to the skirmish line, and he was shot. Then the second major, too, was shot, and he tried to get up, but he could not stand, and he sat on a big stone and shouted: 'Go on! Go on!' And he took a gun from a dead man and fired it.

"We were ordered to fix bayonets, and that made us glad, but even yet the men carried their rifles on their shoulders as they ran. We were not near enough to charge with bayonets. 'I wish I could tell you what it was like as we got near that village of St. Privat—the noise, the smoke, the flashes, the falling men and only one desire in our hearts.

"There were three sergeants in the color section, one at each side of me. And first the one at my right was killed. Then the one at my left was shot—eight big bullets in his body from a mitrailleuse—eight! Yet he afterward got well, while many a man died from only one little bullet.

"And at last we went at a bayonet charge, and for the first time there was a cheer, a wild and savage cheer, and we ran on, eager to plunge the bayonets, and we could see as we came near the village that the French were firing from behind barricades and garden walls and from windows.

"And we looked into the wild faces of the French, and they met us hand to hand. Ah, we climbed over walls and barricades, and we fired and bayoneted, and we fought them in the streets!

"On and on we went. It was a wild time of shooting, bayoneting, wrestling, clubbing, shouting. On and on, but it was slow work and terrible, for the French fought for every step.

"I was at the front, for I had the colors. There were a few officers still left, and they were shouting and waving their swords, and other regiments stormed into the village with us, and after awhile—I can't say how long—the place was ours.

"As I tell it to you it seems perhaps a simple thing. But when the regiment was paraded before the battle began we were more than 2,900 men and more than fifty officers, and we lost in the fight forty officers and more than a thousand men. Yes, that was the loss of just my regiment alone. It was morderisch, but it was necessary.

"Well, it was over. The village was blazing, and many a dead man lay in the ruins. Some sat upright, dead, with their backs against walls."

India's Fame.

They were holding an "exam" in an east London school, and the teacher was explaining the chief products of the Indian empire. One child recited a list of comestibles. "Please, miss, India produces curries and pepper and citron and chillies and chutney and— and—" "Yes, yes, and what comes after that?" "Please, miss, I don't remember." "Yes, but think. What is India so famous for?" "Please, m. India-gestation."

The greatest of all human benefits, that, at least, without which no other benefit can be truly enjoyed, is independence.—Parke Godwin.

NEW YORK'S BOWERY.

Why the Upper Part of It Was Named Fourth Avenue.

In the early forties of the last century there lived in Brooklyn a Mr. and Mrs. Smith. Mr. Smith was a rising civil engineer, and most of his work was in New York. It was necessary that he be nearer his place of business than Brooklyn, for in those days ferries were slow and infrequent, no bridges spanned the river, and horse cars were the speediest means of transit. Being a man of moderate means, Mr. Smith went house hunting through the streets of New York, seeking a modest but respectable abode. Near the upper end of the Bowery he found a small house. Elated with his success, he rushed home with the news to his wife. But when he mentioned the name of the street in which this house stood his wife's face fell.

"How could you think of it?" she asked. Smith was in despair.

Even as far back as 1840 the Bowery had acquired an unenviable reputation. Mr. Smith tried to explain that the upper part of the Bowery was still unimproved; that many very respectable people lived in that part of town; that it would be many long years before crime and sin would spread that far north.

It was all wasted energy. The fact that she would be living on the Bowery was sufficient for Mrs. Smith.

As a civil engineer it was Mr. Smith's custom to overcome obstacles. The following day he hired a conveyance, and he and Mrs. Smith went house hunting together. Mrs. Smith knew her Brooklyn thoroughly, but had only a slight acquaintance with New York. After driving through many streets without finding a suitable house the husband quietly turned into the Bowery at Union square and slowly walked the horse in the direction of the house he had found the previous day.

Suddenly Mrs. Smith exclaimed, "Why, there's a pretty place to let, dear!"

"Where?" listlessly questioned her husband, purposely looking in the opposite direction. Had Mrs. Smith not been so intent upon the house in question she might have noticed the merry twinkle in her husband's eyes and suspected something.

"Right over there," she replied, pointing to the house with the "To Let" sign.

An examination of the premises convinced Mrs. Smith that she must have the place, and when she learned that her neighbors were old friends of hers she had her husband close the bargain at once.

All this time no mention was made of the street. How Smith managed to move into the house and keep Mrs. Smith in the dark as to the name of the street is a mystery. But there came a day, and there was a storm. The tear fall was something heretofore unknown in the Smith household.

Once again Mr. Smith's habit of overcoming obstacles stood him in good stead. His wife would not live on the Bowery. Her home was ideal, her neighbors were good people, but they lived on the Bowery. So Smith and one of his neighbors went before the board of aldermen. The neighbor had influence. The street signs from Union square down to Fourth street were changed. Instead of "Bowery" the words "Fourth avenue" were substituted.

And Mrs. Smith was happy ever after.—New York World.

A Curious Spanish Custom.

Ellen Maury Slayden in the Century in an account of her own and her husband's lavish entertainment in a Spanish household says:

"No custom of the house was so unaccountable as that of having people come to see you eat. Enjoying a square meal while our guests inhaled cigarette smoke seemed so inhospitable that I sometimes playfully insisted upon their leaving something with us. It was always laughingly declined, except once when a particularly lively youth took a piece of ham and ate it with all sorts of self-conscious little antics, as if he were acting a pantomime."

Shortening of the Day.

It has long been known theoretically that the tides act as a brake on the rotating earth and tend to lengthen the day. The effect, however, is so slight that it cannot be measured in any length of time at man's disposal. It may be estimated with the aid of certain assumptions, and, using the data available, W. D. MacMillan made the necessary computation by the formulas used by engineers. He finds for the increase of the length of the day one second in 32,000 years.

Waiting.

"Where are you just being now?" "Over here at one of these places where you wait on yourself. Where are you eating?" "Oh, I'm still over there where you wait on the waiter"—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

A Good Guess.

Aubrey—I say, old chap, I suppose you can't lend me a fiver? Plantagenet—No, my dear boy, but a man with your capacity for guessing the right thing ought to be able to win a fortune on the turf.—London Telegraph.

Expert Criticism.

"I don't like that judge," said the smooth crook; "his speech is so jerky." "I would say," remarked the Boston burglar, "that, though they are unorthodox, I rather like his short sentences."—Baltimore American.

If you intend to do a mean thing, wait till tomorrow. If you intend to do a noble thing do it now.

See to Your Order or Lodge Card. THE TRIBUNE has for some time been printing a lodge and order directory free on the promise that the cards would be kept corrected as to facts, officers etc. by the several lodges and orders. As we devote \$100.00 a year free to this purpose, we expect those receiving the benefit to keep the cards corrected. A glance at the directory reveals many errors, and we must insist upon the proper officers bringing in the facts. Otherwise we shall discontinue the cards which we find incorrect. Look to your cards.

A Handy Receipt Book.

Bound duplicate receipt books, three receipts to the page, for sale at THE TRIBUNE office.

J. S. McBRAYER
Real Estate, Farm Loans
and Insurance

Office over Marsh's Meat Market

Dr. J. O. Bruce
OSTEOPATH

Telephone 55 McCook, Neb.

Office over Electric Theatre on Main Ave.

H. P. SUTTON

JEWELER

MUSICAL GOODS

McCook, NEBRASKA

Updike Grain Co. FOR

COAL

Phone 169 S. S. GARVEY, Mgr.

E. F. OSBORN

Drayman

Prompt Service
Courteous Treatment
Reasonable Prices

GIVE ME

A TRIAL

Office First Door
South of DeGross's
Phone 13

BEGGS' CHERRY COUGH SYRUP cures coughs and colds.

S. N. CLINE

Contractor and Builder

Prices Reasonable
All Work Warranted

Burlington
Route

WINTER
JOURNEYS

Winter Tourist Rates

Daily low excursion rates after November 20th to Southern and Cuban resorts. Daily now in effect to Southern California. Lower yet, homeseekers' excursion rates, first and third Tuesdays, to the South and Southwest.

Corn Show, Omaha

December 9 to 19. Visit this interesting exposition of the best corn products and their use. Attractive program with moving pictures, electric illuminations, sensational prizes for best exhibits. Consult the agent or local papers.

Secure an Irrigated Farm

We conduct you on the first and third Tuesdays of each month to the Big Horn Basin and Yellowstone Valley, assisting you in taking up government irrigated lands with a never-failing water supply under government irrigation plants. Only one-tenth payment down. No charge for services. Write D. Clem Deaver, General Agent, Landseekers' Information Bureau, Omaha, or

D. F. HOSTETTER.

Ticket Agent, McCook, Neb.

L. W. WAKELEY, G. P. A., Omaha, Neb.

Our Regular Prices Seem Bargain Counter Figures

But the Goods Are All Fresh, Clean and New

McCook Views in Colors

Typewriter Papers

Box Writing Papers

Legal Blanks

Pens and Holders

Calling Cards

Manuscript Covers

Typewriter Ribbons

Ink Pads, Paper Clips

Brass Eyelets

Stenographers' Notebooks

Photo Mailers

Memorandum Books

Post Card Albums

Duplicate Receipt Books

Tablets—all grades

Lead Pencils

Notes and Receipts

Blank Books

Writing Inks

Erasers, Paper Fasteners

Ink Stands

Bankers' Ink and Fluid

Library Paste, Mucilage

Self Inking Stamp Pads

Rubber Bands

These Are a Few Items
in Our Stationery Line

THE TRIBUNE

Stationery Department